



The Historie of  
*Henry the Fourth.*

Enter the King, Lord *Iohn of Lancaster*, Earle of  
*Westmerland*, with others.

*King.*

**S**O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,  
And breath short winded accents of new broiles,  
To be commen'ct in stronds a farre remote:

No mote the thirstie entrance of this soile,  
Shall daube her lips with her owne childrens blood:  
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hooves  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,  
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,  
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes,  
Marchall one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes,  
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed Knife,  
No more shall cut his Master: therefore friends,  
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse  
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we leuie,  
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,  
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fields,  
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feete,

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